

# Good Morning 492

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## MOTHER PLANS ICED CAKE P.O. Ernest Whitehead

QUITE a job to find your nice home at Hopground House, Bury Road, Stowmarket, P.O. Ernest Whitehead—you know the funny little lane which is so easily missed by strangers.

Fortunately Bert was about, so we were soon all having a chat in the sitting-room. Mother knocked off the ironing and Dickie, the canary, kept on singing—and so did the kettle for a cup of tea.

Mother is very well, and sends her love. She promises to make another cake when you come home again—this time, if possible, with all the decorations for a big occasion. See what she means, and happy occasion. Good luck Ernie? But you do—and so and Good Hunting.

would somebody at Birkenhead.

Bert is very busy in the garden—also very well, and hopes you are.

Your chum, Freddie, asked after you—we ran across him in Stowmarket.

Bert says, be sure to tell you he was with 14 of your sailor pals on Friday, September 15th. They're all very fit, and enjoying a spot of leave.

The general wish was for you to be with them—you feel that way, too, no doubt.

So you and all at home are looking forward to your next leave. Looks like being a busy man. Dad's picture came in useful to amuse Marion while the group was being taken. Betty sends her love with the taking things easy in the pram picture, and says that she is looking forward to May, 1945.

## THEY'RE LOOKING AT YOUR PICTURE S.P.O. Alfred Healy

IF a wife sits down every evening and chronicles the day's doings for her husband, it's a poor do for the "Good Morning" news gleaner to gather anything fresh.

S.P.O. Alfred Healy must be well off for letters from home. There was one ready for posting on the table at 30, Bluestone Road, Moston, Manchester.

There was also a plump young woman of 11 months taking things easy in the pram outside.

Margaret was at school, so we had to wait her pleasure while she wandered home.

"Been doing some writing," she said, but couldn't remember what the writing was about. Margaret is only a seven-years-old, and is going to try out her writing on father when she's made a bit more progress.

Dad's picture came in useful to amuse Marion while the group was being taken.

Betty sends her love with the taking things easy in the pram picture, and says that she is looking forward to May, 1945.

# W. H. Millier and his pals at "The Sign of the Jolly Roger" TOO GOOD DIXIE—HE LOST TO GET FIGHTS

AT our previous meeting the main subject of discussion was the great negro boxers who helped to popularise boxing in Paris.

It was rather a coincidence that a day or so later Nat Wilson saw Sgt. Joe Louis, the negro world's heavy-weight champion, who has for some time been in England touring the various training camps and giving exhibitions to the troops.

"WELL, what is your opinion of Joe Louis as a world's champion?" asked the gov'nor. "I am not so sure that I could express a hard-and-fast opinion on that," said Nat. "There is all the world of difference in trying to judge a man on a mere exhibition bout and a fight in which his championship title is at stake."

"Some of the best champions I knew looked very small beer when seen in exhibition stuff, but what a difference when it was a real contest. As a man, I should say that Louis is a fine chap. He struck me as being a champion who felt pretty sure of himself without having inflated ideas. I don't suppose he has changed his size in hats since he grew up."

"He has had a pretty long innings, and I expect he will be too old to continue as champion much longer," said Bernard. "Age doesn't weigh so heavily with negro fighters as it does with white men," said the gov'nor. "Most of our men begin to go back after they reach about twenty-eight. It is a fact that the majority of the champions have passed their best when they reach twenty-seven."

"With negroes it is different. I could name a fair number of coloured boxers who were boxing as well as ever when over forty, and one or two were distinctly good fighters at fifty."

"There was Frank Craig, known as the Coffee Cooler, who could give many of our heavy-weights a boxing lesson and a beating when he was past fifty. Old Bobbie Dobbs was another, and there was also the Dixie Kid."

"Now you've mentioned a real champion," said Nat. "I agree with the general verdict concerning this curious customer. After seeing him in various bouts most people used to say 'He was a wonderful judge of distance and his timing was perfection.'"

"He used to remind me of a clever jockey, because he used to win, when it suited him, by the shortest of heads, and it was rare for him to bring out all his tricks at once."

"That was rather dangerous with some of the mugs that were acting as referees in his day," said Bernard. "True enough," answered Nat. "More than once, when he thought he would only just win by a narrow margin, he had the decision given against him. Which reminds me that in his very first fight in Paris he met Willie Lewis and the decision was given against him."

"You know that Lewis was considered to be about the best man in the world at his weight just then, but most people who saw the fight considered that the Dixie Kid had won handsomely."

"Of course, you know the rules state that the decision of the referee shall be final and subject to no appeal. This rule did not satisfy a bunch of sportsmen who were present at that fight in Paris."

"They formed themselves into a kind of jury, and after solemnly discussing the fight and the subsequent decision they unanimously decided that the verdict should be reversed in favour of the Dixie Kid."

"I don't suppose there are many people who know of this incident, but it serves to indicate the serious view Parisian sportsmen took in doing their best to upset what they considered to be an unfair decision."

"There has been a lot of argument concerning that rule," said Bernard. "But I don't see that it would be advisable to have a kind of court of appeal, for the simple reason that in the majority of contests where the decision is given on a narrow margin the loser thinks he ought to have won. There would be no end to the number of appeals."

"It speaks well for the Parisian's sense of fair play," said the gov'nor, "that the only instances I can recall of decisions being reversed have been in Paris. There was the glaring instance of the Carpentier-Siki disturbance."

"Although Siki beat Carpentier into helplessness the referee declared Carpentier the winner, and this brought about a riot."

"Later in the evening the judges held a meeting and decided that the verdict must be given to Siki, which was but due justice to the negro. You must remember that at this time Carpentier was a national idol, but when that crowd had seen him well and truly beaten, idol or no idol, he was not getting away with the verdict like that. I don't think anyone can deny that the French have a great sense of fair play."

"Now you mention Carpentier," said Nat, "I am reminded of his fight with the Dixie Kid. The Frenchman was at his peak then. This was in the nature of a private show."

"It was promoted for Solly Joel's private yachting party at Trouville, and the millionaire won a nice packet by backing the Dixie Kid against all his wealthy friends, who thought it was a certainty for Carpentier to win."

"Joel told Dixie that he was backing him, and mentioned that he would make it worth his while to win. This time there was to be no short head about it. Carpentier was well beaten when he was knocked out in the fifth round."

"out," threw in the towel in order that it should go down in the records as a retirement, but it was a knock-out win for Dixie nevertheless.

"There were very few fights that Dixie couldn't win by a knock-out, if he wanted to win that way," said Bernard, "but he knew that everybody would fight shy of meeting him if he had revealed his best form at every outing. You remember Dick Burge, the old light-weight champion, who promoted so many good fights at The Ring."

"Well, Dick was as good a judge of a boxer as any I knew, and he declared that Dixie was the best of them all. Burge sparred with him a number of times and knew how clever he was."

"After all, it took a good man to extend Burge. He was one of the few notable light-weights who could tackle heavy-weights and beat them."

"Yes, I know that Burge thought a lot of the Dixie Kid," said Nat, "and if you need proof you have only to check up the number of fights he gave Dixie at The Ring. He fought more conquests in that hall than in any other place."

"I remember Burge opening up there," said the gov'nor. "The hall was secured for him whilst he was in prison. You know, of course, that he went inside for a long stretch in connection with the Liverpool bank fraud. Goudie, the bank clerk who embezzled the money, only to hand most of it to the crooks and the book-makers, died in gaol."

"Just before Burge was due to be released, Alec Hurley, the old music-hall star, secured a lease on the hall that was later to become famous as The Ring."

"With the help of a few friends, Hurley provided Burge with a means of livelihood, and I must say that he made a success of it."

"Perhaps you don't know how Alec Hurley was able to get this hall for boxing," said Bernard. "It was historic as Wesley's chapel, and was held by the commissioners of the Wesleyan Church."

"Had Hurley let it be known that he wanted it for the promotion of professional boxing contests—presided over by an ex-convict—you can imagine what answer he would have been given."

"But he knew better than that. Alec merely said he wanted it for a club, an athletic club, and that was how he secured it. The lease, by the way, was granted to the Blackfriars Athletic Club."

"It was a grand building for boxing, being perfectly round, and The Ring was a fine name for it. I wonder whether it will be rebuilt as a boxing hall. It was one of the early victims of Jerry's bombing—knocked out for a longer stretch than any of the would-be champions who have taken the count on the canvas floor of that ring."

"Still, it's nice to know that many of the fighters who stood up in that ring are at this moment knocking-out Jerry for a long time to come."

"The wily Descamps, when he saw that Carpentier was



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# Blood flows in rivers — the Witch-hunt is on!

FROM a far point of the circle a solitary voice began a wailing song, of which the refrain ran something as follows:—  
“What is the lot of man born of woman?”  
Back came the answer rolling out from every throat in that vast company—  
“Death!”

Gradually, however, the song was taken up by company after company, till the whole armed multitude were singing it, and I could no longer follow the words.

Now it seemed to be a love song, now a majestic swelling war chant, and last of all a death dirge ending suddenly in one heart-breaking wail that went echoing and rolling away in a volume of blood-curdling sound. Again the silence fell upon the place, and it was broken by the king lifting up his hand. Instantly there was a pattering of feet, and from out of the masses of the warriors strange and awful figures came running towards us. As they drew near we saw that they were those of women. Their faces were painted in stripes of white and yellow; down their backs hung

## KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of  
**RIDER HAGGARD**

snake-skins, and round their waists rattled circlets of human bones, while each held in her shrivelled hand a small forked wand. In all there were ten of them. When they arrived in front of us they halted, and one of them pointing with her wand towards the crouching figure of Gagool, tried out—  
“Mother, old mother, we are here.”

“Good! good! good!” piped out that aged iniquity. “Are your eyes keen, Isanusis (witch doctresses), ye seers in dark places?”  
“Mother, they are keen.”  
“Good! good! good! Are your ears open, Isanusis, ye who hear words that come not from the tongue?”

“Mother, they are open.”  
“Good! good! good! Are your senses awake, Isanusis—can ye smell blood, can ye purge the land of the wicked ones who compass evil against the king and against their neighbours?”  
“Mother, we can.”

“Then go! Tarry not, ye vultures; see, the slayers”—pointing to the ominous group of executioners behind—“make sharp their spears; the white men from afar are hungry to see. Go.”

### Their Touch Meant Death

With a wild yell the weird party broke away in every direction, and the dry bones round their waists rattling as they ran, made for various points of the dense human circle. We could not watch them all, so fixed our eyes upon the Isanusis nearest us. When she came within a few paces of the warriors she halted and began to dance wildly, and shrieking out sentences such as “I smell him, the evil-doer!” “He is near, he who poisoned his mother!” “I hear the thoughts of him who thought evil of the king!”

Quicker and quicker she danced, till she lashed herself into such a frenzy of excitement that the foam flew in flecks from her gnashing jaws, her eyes seemed to start from her head, and her flesh to quiver visibly. Suddenly she stopped dead and stiffened all over, like a pointer dog when he scents game, and then with outstretched wand began to creep stealthily towards the soldiers before her. It seemed to us that as she came their stoicism gave way, and that they shrank from her. As for ourselves, we followed her movements with a horrible fascination. Presently, still creeping and crouching like a dog, she was before them. Then she stopped and pointed, and then again crept on a pace or two.

Suddenly the end came. With a shriek she sprang in and touched a tall warrior with the forked wand. Instantly two of his comrades, those standing immediately next to him, seized the doomed man, each by one arm, and advanced with him towards the king.

He did not resist, but we saw that he dragged his limbs as though they were paralysed, and his fingers, from which the spear had fallen, were limp as those of a man newly dead.

“Kill!” squeaked Gagool. “Kill!” re-echoed Scragga, with a hollow chuckle. Almost before the words were uttered the horrible deed was done. One man had driven his spear into the victim's heart, and to make assurance doubly sure, the other had dashed out his brains with his great club. “One,” counted Twala the king, just like a black Madame Defarge, as Good said, and the body was dragged a few paces away and stretched out.

Hardly was this done before another poor wretch was brought up, like an ox to the slaughter. This time we could see, from the leopard-skin cloak, that the man was a person of rank. Again the awful syllables were spoken, and the victim fell dead. “Two,” counted the king. And so the deadly game went on, till some hundred bodies were stretched in rows behind us. Once



“Cook in the last war and wounded twice, eh? Blimey! If 'e served 'em up with stuff like this it's a wonder they didn't kill 'im!”

we rose and tried to remonstrate, but were sternly repressed by Twala. “Let the law take its course, white men. These dogs are magicians and evil-doers; it is well that they should die,” was the only answer vouchsafed to us. About half-past ten there was a pause. The witch-finders gathered themselves together, apparently exhausted with their bloody work, and we thought that the whole

performance was done with. But it was not so, for presently, to our surprise, the old woman, Gagool, rose from her crouching position, and supporting herself with a stick, staggered off into the open space. It was an extraordinary sight to see this frightful vulture-headed old creature, bent nearly double with extreme age, gather strength by degrees till at last she rushed about almost as actively as her ill-omened pupils. To and fro she ran, chanting to herself, till suddenly she made a dash at a tall man standing in front of one of the regiments, and touched him. We afterwards learned that he was a man of great wealth and importance, being indeed a cousin of the king's. He was slain, and the king counted one hundred and three. Then Gagool again sprang to and fro, gradually drawing nearer and nearer to ourselves.

Nearer and nearer waltzed Gagool, looking for all the world like an animated crooked stick, her horrid eyes gleaming and glowing with a most unholy lustre. Nearer she came, and nearer yet, every pair of eyes in that vast assemblage watching her movements with intense anxiety. At last she stood still and pointed. “Which is it to be?” asked Sir Henry to himself.

In a moment all doubts were set at rest, for the old woman had rushed in and touched Umbopa, alias Ignosi, on the shoulder. “I smell him out,” she shrieked. “Kill him, kill him, he is full of evil; kill him, the stranger, before blood flows for him. Slay him, O king.”

There was a pause, which I instantly took advantage of. “O king,” I called out, rising from my seat, “this man is the servant of thy guests, he is their dog; whosoever sheds the blood of our dog sheds our blood. By the sacred law of hospitality I claim protection for him.”

### Twala Flinches

“Gagool, mother of the witch doctors, has smelt him out; he must die, white men,” was the sullen answer. “Nay, he shall not die,” I replied; “he who tries to touch him shall die indeed.” “Seize him!” roared Twala to the executioners, who stood around red to the eyes with the blood of their victims. They advanced towards us, and then hesitated.

“Stand back, ye dogs,” I shouted, “if ye would see to-morrow's light. Touch one hair of his head and your king dies,” and I covered Twala with my revolver. Sir Henry



“... the skin will be grafted from his arms, madam. NO, madam! A for Alice, R for Robert, M for Mary, S for Sammy!”

and Good also drew their pistols, Sir Henry pointing his at the leading executioner, who was advancing to carry out the sentence, and Good taking a deliberate aim at Gagool.

Twala winced perceptibly as my barrel came in a line with his broad chest. “Well,” I said, “what is it to be, Twala?” Then he spoke. “Put away your magic tubes,” he said; “ye have adjured me in the name of hospitality, and for that reason, but not from fear of what ye can do, I spare him. Go in peace.” “It is well,” I answered unconcernedly; “we are weary of slaughter, and would sleep. Is the dance ended?”

“It is ended,” Twala answered sulkily. “Let these dogs,” pointing to the long rows of corpses, “be flung out to the hyaenas and the vultures,” and he lifted his spear. (To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—431

1. Insert five consonants in: I \* I \* A \* \* E, and get a word meaning absolutely prime.
2. Rearrange the letters of: NOTED MOVIE, and get an American capital city.
3. In the following four aircraft the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 1U7045LA70, 2411451C62399, 9YP6887, 1P39F354.
4. Find the two hidden vessels in: Let your friends come to the club as inside members, but we bar relatives.

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 430

1. TENEMENT.
2. ARMAMENTS.
3. Junkers, Heinkel, Hurricane.
4. Gal-Leon, Sk-if-f.

## INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 15

1. How many ways can you think of in which brass and gold differ?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Length, Breadth, Width, Thickness, Size, Height.
3. Son is to Father what Cousin is to: Mother, Brother, Grandfather, Uncle, Sister, Aunt, Brother-in-law.
4. I have three 12-hour clocks. A is always exactly ten minutes slow, B doesn't go at all, C loses three minutes every hour, and D gains six minutes every hour. If they all stand at 10 minutes to 12 at noon, which of them will show the right time before midnight? And how many times will they do it?

(Answers in No. 493.)

### Answer to Test No. 14.

1. The planets go round the sun once every day. False.
2. 5/83 will not cancel down; others will.
3. Harrow.
4. Bill did go, and he had a reason.

## QUIZ for today

1. A socle is a Hungarian shoe, watchmaker's tool, drink, low pedestal, draught excluder, river fish?
2. What name is given to a group of (a) moles, (b) mules?
3. What are the fruits of the sycamore and ash trees called?
4. What and where is The Old Man of Hoy?
5. How much floor-space does a standing (average) man occupy, in square feet?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Friendliness, Fortell, Foolhardiness, Formidable, Fashionable.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 491

1. Panelled ceiling.
2. (a) Exaltation, (b) Watch.
3. Philip, Walter, Hugh.
4. (a) An island off Scotland (b) a group of islands off Ireland.
5. Iron.
6. Parallelogram, Hexagon.

## JANE



## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Shuck. 4 Made brittle.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11			12		
13					14			
15				16				
		17		18			19	20
21	22	23			24		25	
26		27		28			29	
	30		31			32		33
34						35		
36				37				
38							39	

CLUES DOWN. 1 Dry. 2 Elliptical. 3 Store. 4 Half-digested food. 5 About. 6 Rough hair. 7 Walked slowly. 8 In high spirits. 9 Moisture. 11 African river. 14 Intended. 16 Bear. 18 Pirate. 20 Simpletons. 22 Boy's name. 24 Valleys. 27 Saltpetre. 29 Dog thong. 21 Ooze out. 33 Melody. 34 Outdo. 35 Dog. 37 One.

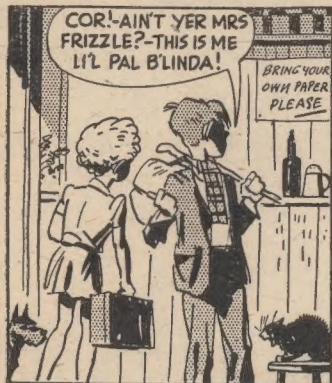
SCATHE LAMB  
TEN EXHALE  
ARDENT PARE  
GIRL RUSSET  
SELVAGE O  
MEW O L CAN  
I PLAYERS  
STREET GAPS  
SOAK IRONIC  
NIELLO ERA  
LENS TENDER



# BEELZEBUB JONES



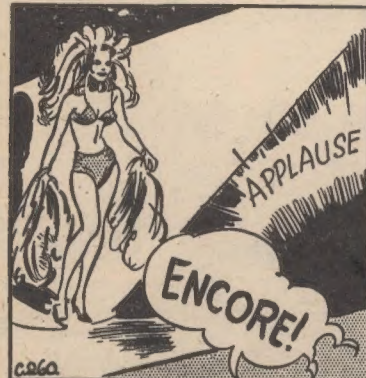
# BELINDA



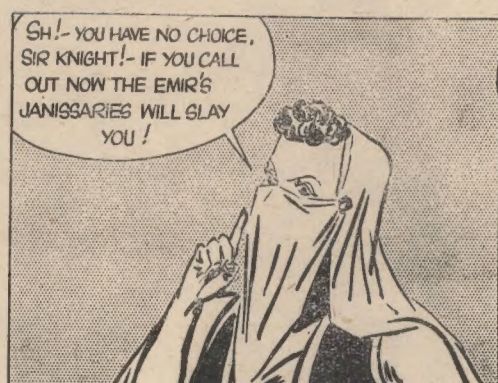
# POPEYE



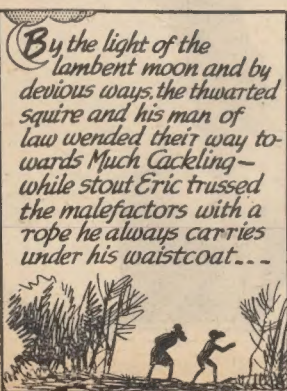
# RUGGLES



# GARTH



# JUST JAKE



# ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

## DEMOCRACY.

DEMOCRACY requires that statesmen should proclaim their principles, invite the public to choose between them and their opponents, and fail to win an election or resign office rather than forfeit these principles. Without this safeguard democracy cannot function. Without this character among its politicians, democratic government will sink in a quagmire of corruption and a puddle of half-measures.

Michael Foot.

## TO-MORROW'S LEADERS.

IT is inevitable that after the strain of war many of our rulers will be replaced by new and younger men. The decisions of 1939 were big. Five years of high pressure and great strain have passed since then, and now with the peace we are beginning jobs which may take fifteen or twenty years to complete. So this responsibility must be shouldered by young men, who can see the job through to completion. Are these young men available?

Edgar Granville, M.P.

## THE WEAKER PEOPLES.

IT is time we realised that we have responsibilities towards the weaker peoples of the globe. It does no good simply to hand them over prematurely, in the name of democracy, to the mercies of their own powerful leaders. We have never lacked men with the vision and the strength to govern and help alien people to live peacefully with one another. Democracy is the highest ideal for many peoples - perhaps in the long run for all peoples. But democracy without education may be a disaster.

A. C. Priestley.

## OUR RULERS.

OUR rulers are mostly admirable men, who work extremely long hours (one hopes, at essential work), and they have, as a team, brought us through great dangers. But they do not queue for their rations, or wait in the rain for infrequent buses or strap-hang after their day's work. They do not have engagement after engagement go haywire while they whistle for non-existent taxis, neither while going about by train do they stand for hours in crowded corridors. They have no conception of the day's routine of a housewife struggling with babies, while keeping a home going and looking after her man, while also trying to do a little war work in the complete absence of that domestic help which has been so drastically called up, though not always to do equally useful work.

Lord Winster.

## AFTERWARDS.

IT is pretty obvious that the first object of everybody when the war is over will be to have a good time. There will be a rush to private as opposed to public occupations, to tinkering about with the wireless, to working on the allotment, to taking one's girl to the movies. There will be a craze for dancing as there was after the last war, and conceivably an outbreak of gambling. . . . That is one side to it. And the other is that if you go, as it has been my lot to do, to talk to the Forces, you are surprised at the degree of serious political interest, startled at the amount of political knowledge.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.



"Supper first. I don't trust you sailors!"



Good  
Morning



The "Ideal Petty Girl" was the title won by Rosemary La Planche, RKO Radio starlet. And that's all right with us, too! "Hiya, Rosemary, why not put about and meet a bunch of real sailors?"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Goody, goody!  
It's a fishing  
smack!"

